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"SKATES? WHAT CAN BE THE USE OF SKATES HERE?"

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY:

OR, ADVENTURES IN JAMAICA THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER III.—JOHNNY FERONG'S STORE.

"WELL! here we are," said Harry, as we jumped ashore; "welcome to 'the Golden Isle'—to the land of sunshine and——"

"Yellow Jack," chimed in Ker, one of our lieutenants.

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"Dear me! it seems but yesterday that I left this very spot," continued Harry, without noticing Ker's interruption.

"Harry!" I said, "Gibson and I want to go to Johnny Ferong's; will you take us?"

He hesitated a moment. "Yes, I'll take you, and I'll tell you something about the man as we go along."

"Johnny Ferong is a Frenchman, a lively, gay,

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little man. He married a quadroon girl out here, very handsome, as almost all quadroons are. They had four daughters; two were grown up when I was here last, and were as handsome as their mother: the two youngest must now be women grown, and are probably as handsome as their sisters; so take care of yourselves, you tender-hearted young gentlemen, for Johnny Ferong might bring an action for a 'breach of promise' against you as soon as look at you."

"Nonsense, Harry!"

"But, however, we march at daylight to-morrow, or I am not sure that I should take you to Johnny's to-night; but Johnny's store is well worth seeing: it is full of everything, from a needle to a sheet anchor: amongst other curiosities, he has a pair of skates, which he will be sure to show you, and recommend you to buy."

"Skates! what can be the use of skates here?"

"None. There was never a flake of snow, much less an inch of ice, on the island since it was created: they were given to Johnny by some sailor man or other, who probably brought them from Halifax, where they are in great demand; and Johnny cuts his jokes about them, that's all: now then, here we are."

It was some time before I could make much out of the scene before me. At length I discovered that I was in a large room full of human beings and what a Yankee would call "notions." This large room, then, was Johnny Ferong's store. It was full of tobacco smoke—that was my first impression, about which there could be no mistake. As my eyes became more accustomed to the pungency of the aromatic vapour, objects loomed out of the divers recesses of "the store," and I beheld many young gentlemen in blue jackets and gold laced caps, sitting on tubs, bales, tables, boxes, (anything but chairs, of which there were several,) laughing, chattering, smoking, and sipping sangaree.

These were middies—I didn't require to be told that. Intermingled with the middies, were groups of white-jacketed gentlemen, mostly in straw hats; though somewhat older in appearance than their friends, they equally smoked cigars and sipped sangaree. These were the "soger officers" quartered at Port Royal—no doubt about that, either.

All this time, dark objects were moving about amongst and between the groups of blue and white jackets, dark objects in striped shirts, the sleeves rolled up above their elbows, and their white linen trousers tucked up half way to their knees. These were negroes—*slaves*!

It was the first time I had ever seen a slave, and, like a young ignoramus as I was, I was astonished at their round, shining, laughing faces, and their robust, healthy appearance. I had pictured to myself a downcast, miserable wretch, half starved and in rags, with the tears streaming down his dejected and careworn countenance, instead of which—but hullo? what is this?

A door opened directly in front of me, and a slender sprightly-looking man stepped jauntily into the store; he left the door of the inner room ajar, and I could see that it was brilliantly lighted.

Ho, ho! here comes the redoubtable Johnny himself, I suppose. I was right; it was Johnny Ferong, *in propria persona*. He is worthy of a description.

He was dressed entirely in white, jacket, trousers, and waistcoat, the only exception being a flaming red handkerchief round his throat. His face was thoroughly French—long and peaked; complexion sallow, eyes small, dark, and piercing; hair iron-grey, thin, and brushed up to a point on the top of his long pear-shaped head.

His sharp little eyes glancing rapidly around, soon perceived the fresh arrivals, namely, ourselves from the "Winchester;" for by this time there were a dozen or more of both Services, who hailed from that ship, in Johnny's store.

Presently I saw the little restless eyes twinkle with recognition, and in another moment their owner was bowing and scraping, within a yard of me, to Harry Holt.

"Welcome back to Jamaica, sare, and to Port Royal, sare, and to my poor store, sare. It is var long time since I have the var great pleasure to see you, Capitaine Hault."

"Thank you, Mr. Ferong, for your hearty welcome; I should not have thought that you would have remembered me, I have been away so long."

"Not remember Capitaine Hault!" The little man's shoulders went up to his ears, and his eyebrows to the top of his high, bald forehead.

"No one ever forget Capitaine Hault who once have the var great honour and pleasure to know him, sare—not possible, sare!"

After a due acknowledgment on Harry's part, of the above compliment, and much declamation on Mr. Ferong's side, that it was no compliment at all, but *de trute*, the latter begged to be introduced to "Capitaine Hault's" friends; and accordingly, Gibson and your humble servant were made known to the polite and bending Frenchman.

At that moment Ker joined us, and Mr. Ferong, seeing that he was also a stranger, insisted upon the honour of an introduction, to which demand, it struck me at the time, Harry rather unwillingly acceded.

We were all immediately invited to have "one leetle glass vine," in honour of our arrival, he said. Bows, deprecations, apologies for preceding us, and the door of the inner apartment was opened and closed upon us.

Three ladies rose to receive us, evidently a mother and her two daughters. The elder lady was tall and stout; she must have been very handsome when in her prime, which she had long past. Even now she was a fine-looking woman, and her large dark eyes flashed almost fiercely as we entered; but her complexion was too yellow to suit my taste, and altogether she was coarse-looking.

Her daughters were like two Hebes: their mother's eyes (without the fierceness), and their mother's long, raven-black hair, only still longer and still blacker, but not their mother's complexion. There was no yellow in their skin, but a rich red bloom mantled in their clear brunette complexions; and, as they stood there side by side in

their soft white muslin dresses, their only ornaments a massive gold-chain round the throat, and jewelled ear-rings glittering amidst the dark masses of hair, which hung in a profusion of thick heavy ringlets of marvellous length, I thought I had never seen so perfect, so beautiful a combination of colouring and effect. They needed but a gold frame to have put to shame the happiest efforts of the best of the old masters, of whose pictures they strongly reminded me. What would Rembrandt, Raphael, or Murillo have given for such a study?

Mr. Ferong again made us most elaborately welcome, and at his bidding the Hebes became Gany-medes, and handed to each of us a sparkling glass of champagne.

We remained, I believe, more than an hour, though it seemed to me but a very few minutes, in Mrs. Ferong's *boudoir*, as she delighted to call it; and when we took our departure, I confess that I was not at all surprised that offers of marriage had been made by several of the United Service to both of these girls already; for, independent of their beauty, which it would have been difficult to have matched in any country, they had evidently been well educated, and, if not positively accomplished, in our ultra acceptance of the word, their manners were ladylike and graceful; and they conversed with perfect propriety, both of pronunciation and idiom: they were also strikingly modest, nay, bashful, in their behaviour.

I must not omit to state that, before we left the boudoir, Mr. Ferong had paraded the skates.

"Deze, sare," he said to me, "are de only pair I haf left, and you shall haf dem for what they cost me, eef you weel promeese to use dem for one hour on Creemas Day."

"Perhaps it won't freeze on Christmas Day, Mr. Ferong," I said.

"Ah sare! it weel freeze as hart on Creemas Day as any day de whole of de year, dat I weel promeese you."

I said that I should be most happy to buy the skates at the very liberal offer of cost price; but the fact was, I had resolved never to skate in a tropical climate. I was afraid of the heat.

Johnny's eyes twinkled with intelligence.

"Ha! ha! var good, sare—var good indeed, sare! Capitaine Hault haf been 'spinning one yarn' to you, I do see. Yes, yes, I do see all!" He lifted his long skinny finger, and made a hideous grimace, and shook his head at Harry. Then, turning to Gibson, who had taken the skates in his hand, and was examining them attentively, he said,

"You are not afraid of de heat, sare? Ah no! You are strong man; you weel buy my skates?"

"I don't mind if I do; how much?" Gibson never said a word more than he could help.

"How mosh? I haf say dat I weel sell dem for what dey cost me. Dey cost me noting—you shall haf dem for noting, but on one agreement—one what you call condition."

"What condition?"

"A var easy one, sare: dis ees de twenty-secon of October—you take de skate, you gif me noting for him, bot eef you do not use de skate on de ice

for one hour before de twenty-secon of nex October, you geef me twenty dollar."

"Done!" said Gibson.

I could see the girls biting their lips with all their might, and trying not to laugh; Mrs. Ferong did not attempt to conceal a smile, or the contempt it carried, as she looked at Gibson.

"Our 'Johnny' is no match for the other," I whispered to Harry; "but we mustn't let him be done so outrageously as—"

"Pooh! it's all a joke, and an oldish one too—but none the worse for that—listen!"

Gibson had strapped the skates together, and had called to Mr. Ferong for some paper to wrap them in, who immediately brought him a piece.

"Ah! paremeet me, sare; you no take de trouble, sare," said the obliging Frenchman. He took them out of Gibson's hand, and commenced wrapping them up.

"Ah, sare, deze skate am not clean, dey haf de rost on dem; you leef dem wiz me to-night, I clean dem and send dem to-morrow."

"We march to-morrow at daylight," said Gibson, afraid of losing so good a bargain.

"I know, sare, you marsh to Stony Heel, no better place in Jamaica to skate—I send dem dere when de fros' come—quite clean—you may depen' upon me, sare—honour bright, sare!" and Mr. Ferong bowed gracefully, and placed his hand on his heart.

Gibson very unwillingly resigned the skates.

"Mind you *do* send them," he grumbled.

"When de fros' come, you most haf de skate, sare—honour bright."

As we passed through the store, which, owing to the departure of sundry blue-jackets, enjoyed a less dense atmosphere, than it did upon our first entrance, Harry stopped short.

"Come, Mr. Ferong, you have other things besides skates in your store," he said; "perhaps my friend Brook, here, might be tempted if he knew the extent of your 'notions.'"

"Ah ha! oder ting—I sink so, plenty oder ting—what you want, sare?" turning to me: "Capitaine Hault say dat I haf everyting, from one needle to one sheet-anchor!—we weel see—ha ha!"

He opened a drawer, one of many, "like artillery, tier upon tier."

"Look here, Capitaine Brook!" (we were all 'Capitaines' with him): he held a paper of needles in his hand—"and look here, sare!"—he pointed to a corner of the store, in which calmly reposed an enormous anchor, as big as any on board the "Winchester," it seemed to me.

"Ha ha!" continued Mr. Ferong—"dere ees one—two—tree—feefy needle—dere ees one sheet-anchor!—between de two I haf hogshead sugar—hogshead rum—vine of all sort—Bordeau—Champagne—Madere—all sort—here mosh chest of tea—cafe een bags and bags too mosh too tell—here jacket—trouser—hat—shirt—mouchoir—stockeeng—all ting for dress—and for de toilette—sop—scent of all sort—hair brosh—toot brosh—all brosh what you use:—here ees"—he kept turning rapidly from side to side, and pointing to different parts of the store. "Here ees scissor—knife—peencush—tou-

sands of dem!—here one—two—tree—fife—seex bale of what you call porcelain—plate—cop—sau-sare—deesh—all ting for de table—deeze com now from France—here knife—fork—spoon in thousand—ah ha! here table—chair—sofa—bed—kettle—teapot—pan—pot for keetchin—in thousand—here carpet—rog—curtain—blanket—sheet—coal—what you call coal—coal—scottle—all ting for one house.” He paused a moment to take breath; he had increased his pace by little and little, till at length he had “boiled up” to full gallop, and was jabbering away so fast, it was almost impossible to follow him.

He paused a moment, and only for a moment: he was off again.

“I haf not time, Messieurs, to tell half my ting: neider to what you call class dem proper, bot beside de few I haf tell, dere ees spades—pianoforte—shuffle—books—geengage—guave—all presarved fruit—boot—shoe—cigar thousand and thousand—pipe—tabac—moselin dress—seelk dress—creecket bat—stomp and ball—bonnet—reebon—feader—quoit—rope—cotton—tread—streeng—birdcage—rat-trap—gold chain—seelvare chain—reeng—bracelet—bijouterie all sort—portere—ham—peppere—cheese—peekles—bier all sort—grey parrot—oder bird—cat widout tail—bridle—beet—Ireesh wheesky—can de vie—geen—saddle—leetle dog—ah! I haf not breat for de rest.”

We had been in fits of laughter, as may well be supposed; but, however absurd the recital of the above scene may be, it cannot reach to within miles of the reality. The rapidity of utterance—the energetic gestures—the theatrical manner—the continuous flow of words—ha! ha!—even now, at this distance of time, I can never recall that scene without laughing.

“Well, boys,” said Harry, when we had got out into the open air once more, and could breathe freely, “well, what do you think of Johnny Ferong and his daughters? They are well-grown girls. How old do you suppose they are, Brook?”

“Oh, they are quite young; sixteen and seventeen, perhaps.”

“Thirteen and fourteen—not a year more.”

“Pooh, Harry! that’s nonsense. Why, they are quite women.”

“The precocity of the climate: they are not older than I tell you. Girls frequently marry in these parts at thirteen years old.”

“Well, one lives and learns,” I replied. “By-the-by, ‘Johnny Ferong’ is not a French name, and yet the man is evidently a Frenchman. How is that?”

“Oh, it’s only a familiar corruption of his patronymic; the man’s name is Jean Féron; but he is known far and near as Johnny Ferong, and would answer to no other. He outdid himself to-night. Where is Ker?”

He was not to be seen; we thought he had followed us out of the boudoir, but we could not be sure; the scene in the store had driven everything else out of our heads. Harry knit his brows and muttered—I could not hear what.

At the jetty we found Doctor M’Mull, our regimental surgeon, waiting for a boat to go off to the

“Winchester.” He had his handkerchief up to his mouth.

“Hallo, doctor!” I cried; “what’s the matter? Have you got the toothache?”

“No, I have got no toothache, but I have just a grain of sense left, which is more than you youngsters have, or you wouldn’t be gawking about with your mouths wide open, inhaling as much of this pestilential air as you well can.”

The Doctor was the contrary to a sweet-tempered, polite, or fascinating man; to say the truth, he was remarkably the reverse of all these agreeable qualities, being, without exception, one of the most grumpy, rude, snappish, crooked-tempered individuals I had ever the misfortune to be acquainted with. I seldom or never spoke to him, as I was sure to get a short answer if I did. What made me speak to him then, I can’t think, except it was that I was so delighted with my first evening’s entertainment in Jamaica, that I was in a good humour with every one. I did not answer him. Harry did, however.

“We have been well fumigated, Doctor, at Johnny Ferong’s,” he said, “and are plague-proof for to-night, at all events.”

“You’re never plague-proof in this sink,” mumbled the doctor into his handkerchief.

“Which do you think the most likely to give one fever, Doctor—the night dews or the mid-day sun?”

“Whichever you are in,” mumbled the handkerchief.

“Well, one ought not to be too much in either, I suppose,” said Harry, good-naturedly; “you have been in the tropics before, haven’t you, Doctor?”

“Yes, and so have you, Harry Holt; but you might as well have stayed at home for all the wisdom you learnt here.”

Harry laughed; there was no putting him out.

“Here’s the boat, and here’s Ker,” I said. “Just in time, Ker; where have you been to?”

“Strolling about; I should like to stay longer on shore. It’s a pity to go on board yet; such a lovely night; but I suppose we must.”

Harry looked keenly, and I thought sternly, at Ker, who reddened and turned away. The boat touched the landing-place; in we bundled, treading on the Doctor’s toes, swaying the boat from side to side, and laughing, as happy, thoughtless youth will tread, sway, and laugh, till it grows older, sadder, and wiser.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD DISPLAYED.

To any person only superficially acquainted with the wonders disclosed by the microscope, it must seem very surprising that such a source of scientific research, should have been almost entirely neglected during a century and a half after its powers had been first made public. Here was in good earnest “The Invisible World Displayed.” Every drop of water, every leaf, insect, or patch of mould, offered innumerable objects of contempla-

tion not less surprising than those which the unassisted eye could discover in river, forest, or meadow—a world of the infinitely little, which proved to be infinitely complex and marvellous. The telescope, from the first, exercised a spell over the imagination. It has never ceased to find patient labourers, devoting themselves to it. But, although the microscope is no less puissant in the hands of science, and performs for the invisibly minute what the telescope performs for the invisibly distant, it has never acted so powerfully on the imaginations of men. A feeling not unallied to contempt rises in the minds of many, at the idea of seriously studying objects so excessively minute that a single drop of water will contain a thousand or more living creatures, all actively engaged in feeding, fighting, or propagating. The planetary masses, merely because they are enormous masses and are at enormous distances, appear stupendous, although we can know nothing more about them than their size and orbit. But if size is the measure of interest, man will make but a poor figure in the universe; and if life must ever be intensely interesting because it is life, and seems to come more directly from the Fountain of all life, the instrument which widens our acquaintance with organic existences, and partially lifts the veil thick folded over organic processes, cannot help exercising a fascination over us.

The story of the microscope begins with Malpighi and Leeuwenhoek, and dates nearly two centuries back. Marcellus Malpighi was a celebrated anatomist, whose works are even now worthy of study. He was born at Crevalcuore, near Bologna, in 1628. In the university of that city he studied medicine as it was then taught, dissecting in private, and trying to understand something of the structure of plants and animals. His discoveries were numerous and important. Whether he was the inventor or not of improvements in the microscope is a disputed point, but he was certainly the first to apply its powers to scientific purposes. The following is an instance.

Harvey had convinced the world that the blood which left the heart passed along the arteries to the various parts of the body, and that from the various parts of the body it passed along the veins back again to the heart, but he could not say *how* it was that the blood which was in the arteries passed from them into the veins; whereas Malpighi, by the use of the microscope, discovered the capillary blood-vessels, which showed how the blood made this passage through one uninterrupted network of vessels.

Another of Malpighi's discoveries was the existence of papillæ, as organs of touch on the surface of the tongue, and similar though smaller organs of the same kind on the skin. Indeed, it is to him we owe the main part of our knowledge of the skin; the cutaneous net-work which still bears his name—*rete Malpighii*—he proved to be the seat of the black colour of the negro, and of the various complexions of mankind. He discovered also the *stigmata* and *tracheæ*—the air-vessels of insects—and successfully applied the microscope to embryology.

Leeuwenhoek is the second hero of our story.

He was born in 1632, at Delft, in Holland, where he gained a livelihood and his first celebrity as a glass-polisher, his lenses being then the best made. But, not contented with polishing his lenses to the highest pitch, he used them incessantly, and made such discoveries that De Graaf introduced him to the notice of our Royal Society; and to that body all his works were communicated. His instruments are still in the possession of the Society, to which he bequeathed them, and his discoveries are recorded in the "Philosophical Transactions."

Leeuwenhoek was continually at work, incessantly observing new details and recording them, but seldom taking to the other intellectual labour which can alone make microscopy a science. Ranging over the vegetable and animal world, he pointed out new and surprising facts, and indicated the paths on which more might be discovered. He knew more about the blood than was known to eminent physiologists at the commencement of this century. He described the structure of hairs, skin, scales, muscular fibre, nervous fibre, seeds of plants, areolar tissue, and many other objects. He described and figured the various organs of insects and other animals. He revealed to the world the wonders of animalcule existence, and combated the doctrine of spontaneous generation by showing that even the minutest animals laid eggs, or germinal ova.

Leeuwenhoek was reproached with sometimes letting his imagination get the better of him; if so, he had this excuse, that, moving amidst wonders, his mind was disposed to ever fresh wonderment. He, however, justifies himself from the charge. "For my part," he says, "I will not scruple to assert that I can clearly place before my eye the smallest species of those animalcules, and can as plainly see then endued with life, as with the naked eye we behold small flies or gnats sporting in the open air, though these animalcules are more than a million times smaller than a large grain of sand. For I not only behold their motions in all directions, but I also see them turn about, remain still, and sometimes expire; and the larger kinds of them I as plainly perceive running along, as we do mice with the naked eye. Nay, I see some of them open their mouths, and move the organs or parts within them.

"In examining the intestines of flies and other insects," he continues, "I have discovered vessels conveying the blood and other juices, the smallest ramifications or branches whereof appeared to me more than two hundred thousand times less than a hair of my beard."

He then tells how he computes this proportion. "I have," he says, "a plate of copper with many lines engraven on it, and divided into an equal number of small parts. I then carefully observe how many of these parts one hair taken from my head, and seen through a microscope, appears to cover. Supposing that the diameter of this hair, when magnified, appears equal to fifty of these parts, then, with the point of a needle, I trace on the copper a line of the same size by the naked eye, as is equal to one of those small vessels in a fly seen through the microscope, and I find that nine

of these small lines so traced with a needle, when placed together, are a fiftieth part of the diameter of the hair. If, then, 450 diameters of these small vessels, which I most plainly see in a fly, are no more than equal to the diameter of one hair taken from my beard, it follows, by the rules of arithmetic, that one of such hairs is more than two hundred thousand times greater than those very small blood-vessels in a fly."

Schwammerdamm, the contemporary of Leeuwenhoek, is described by Cuvier as "l'auteur le plus étonnant sur toute l'anatomie des petits animaux." It would require more space than we can spare to enumerate the microscopic labours of this remarkable man, though, being pre-eminently an anatomist, he only used the microscope as one of his accessories, never making microscopy his special study; yet in its history he deserves a first place, because he showed to what scientific purposes it could be fitly applied.

From this period till Ehrenberg, who was followed by Dujardin, once more startled the world by revelations of the "infinitely little," the microscope was considered little better than a philosophical toy. Since then, however, it has had its thousands of cultivators, combating or confirming what the German and the Frenchman have asserted about its discoveries.

Ehrenberg was born at Delitzsch, in Prussian Saxony, on the 19th of April, 1795. He early made a voyage to the east, with the traveller Hemprich. In this voyage he collected a vast amount of scientific material, which may be found in his celebrated "*Symbolæ Physicæ*," and in his monograph on the *Acephalus* of the Red Sea, 1828-32. In 1829, he once more started on a scientific journey, and this time with the celebrated Alexander Von Humboldt, whose splendid career has just closed. The expedition was to the Ural Mountains. Before setting out, Ehrenberg, like many other scientific men of the day, had been wonderfully impressed by a work which our Robert Brown had just published: "A brief account of microscopical observations on the particles contained in the pollen of plants, and on the general existence of active molecules in organic and inorganic bodies." Following on the path here opened, Ehrenberg once more raised the microscope into European notice. His numerous revelations of minute plants and animals, and of the share which these had in the formation of the solid crust of our earth, attracted general attention. In 1838 appeared his great work on the *Infusoria*—a work too costly for private purses, but one which, for the beauty and number of its illustrations, the novelty of its revelations, and its general accuracy, will always remain a monument of skill and labour. One defect, however, of the work has been pointed out by its recent commentators, viz.: the error of supposing that the infusoria are perfect organisms with complex organizations. It is true that, among the minute forms of life the author describes, there are some which really deserve the wonder of all students, so complex are their organizations; but the number of these animalcules is every day diminishing, as one by one the infusoria are shown to be plants instead of animals.

In 1839 appeared the "*Microscopical Researches*" of Schwann. These we must merely mention, without attempting to describe them, for by so doing we should be obliged to enter on subjects with which the general reader must be supposed to be totally unacquainted.

The microscope is now largely applied in criminal jurisprudence, in geology, and in medicine; in a variety of other directions it has become also indispensable; whilst in general anatomy, pathology, embryology, botany, and zoology, it is the instrument of research. It is no longer a distinction to be a microscopist, scarcely a distinction to be a good one; everybody works with the instrument now, and Linnaeus would find no botanist ready to accept his contemptuous verdict, that nothing was to be learnt through its medium.

We have now brought our sketch down to our own day, and may in conclusion notice the latest work on the subject which has appeared in England, viz. "*Mr. Gosse's Evenings at the Microscope*."* This is a most entertaining book; its main object seems to be to amuse amateurs, but they may also reap from its pages much useful information. The volume opens with an anecdote, which shows strikingly with what an immense accumulation of minute knowledge microscopy rewards its students.

"Not many years ago an eminent microscopist received a communication inquiring whether, if a minute portion of dried skin were submitted to him, he could determine it to be a *human* skin or not. He replied that he thought he could. Accordingly, a very small fragment was forwarded to him, somewhat resembling what might be torn from the surface of an old trunk, with all the hair rubbed off. The professor brought his microscope to bear upon it, and presently found some fine hairs scattered over the surface; after carefully examining which, he pronounced with confidence that they were *human* hairs, and such as grew on the naked parts of the body; and still further, that the person who had owned them was of a fair complexion. This was a very interesting decision, because the fragment of skin was taken from the door of an old church in Yorkshire, in the vicinity of which a tradition is preserved that, about a thousand years ago, a Danish robber had violated this church, and, having been taken, was condemned to be flayed alive and his skin nailed to the church door, as a terror to evil-doers. The action of the weather and other causes had long ago removed all traces of the stretched and dried skin, except that, from under the edges of the broad-headed nails with which the door was studded, fragments still peeped out. It was one of these atoms, obtained by drawing out one of the old nails, that was subjected to microscopical scrutiny, and it was interesting to find that the wonder-showing tube could confirm the tradition with the utmost certainty: not only in the general fact that it was really the skin of a man, but the special one of the race to which the man belonged, namely, one with fair complexion and light hair, such as the Danes are well known to possess."

* Published by the Christian Knowledge Society, Great Queen Street, London.

The following is an instance of the importance of the microscope in legal investigations. "Not long ago, a murder was brought home to a criminal by this instrument. Much circumstantial evidence had been adduced against him, among which was the fact that a knife in his possession was smeared with blood, which had dried both on the blade and on the handle. The prisoner strove to turn aside the force of this circumstance by asserting that he had cut some raw beef with the knife, and had omitted to wipe it.

"The knife was submitted to an eminent professor of microscopy, who immediately discovered the following facts:—1st. The stain was certainly blood. 2nd. It was not the blood of a piece of dead flesh, but that of a living body, for it had coagulated where it was found. 3rd. It was not the blood of an ox, sheep, or hog. 4th. It was human blood. Besides these facts, however, other important ones were revealed by the same mode of investigation. 5th. Among the blood was found some vegetable fibres. 6th. These were proved to be cotton fibres, agreeing with those of the murdered man's shirt and neckcloth." The accumulation of evidence was fatal to the prisoner, who, without the microscopic testimony, might have escaped.

Mr. Gosse has given drawings and descriptions of several kinds of hair, which will vividly impress the reader with the amazing varieties discoverable in objects seemingly so similar as the hair of a mouse and a mole. The same remark may be applied to the blood or the eggs of various animals, or the seeds and pores of plants. The microscope has swept over the vast field of minute creation, and has furnished science with a marvellous wealth of details; and yet, so inexhaustible is the field, that every new day fresh discoveries are made, and every fresh worker finds the horizon expanding as he advances. In this, as in all other departments of knowledge,

"Experience is an arch, wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever, and for ever, as we move."

A NEW MONARCH OF THE BARN-YARD.

THE AGAMI.

ALTHOUGH long known to naturalists, this bird has not long been definitively classed. Some have assigned it a place among the pheasants; Buffon placed it among the gallinaceous varieties; but, more recently, Cuvier has classed it among the Grallæ—an order of birds with long naked legs, which are adapted for wading in the streams and marshes, where they are accustomed to seek their food. It is a native of South America, where it abounds in the forests of Guiana; and it seems to be allied to the crane by the length of its legs and the rapidity of its course; to the pheasant, by the metallic brilliancy of the plumage which adorns its breast; and to the domestic hen, by the conformation of its beak and the scantiness of its wings, but, above all, by its habitudes. It is so naturally inclined to seek the friendship of man, that, even when captured full-grown, it speedily becomes tame,

and never after seeks to return to a wild state. Those which inhabit the denser forests are by no means wild, and, before taking to flight on the approach of a sportsman, generally give him plenty of time to aim with deliberation. Consequently, its pursuit offers but few attractions to the lovers of the chase, since it is attended with no other difficulty than that of finding the game.

It is in French and Dutch Guiana that the agami is most frequently seen in a state of complete domestication. There it is charged with the care of the dwellings and of the yards. By its cry it gives notice of the approach of a stranger, and it menaces with its powerful beak the legs of those who venture to approach before the arrival of one of the inmates. It performs this duty with all the sagacity of the dog, for, like him, it recognises the friends of the family, and proportions its hostile demonstrations to the respectability of the appearance of the intruder. By some of the colonists, too, it is preferred to the dog as a guardian for sheep; because it cannot, as he is apt to do when in a state of irritation, seriously injure the young and feeble of the flock; while at the same time, it is fully equal to him in watchfulness and agility.

But the true place of the agami is in the poultry-yard. There it performs, with a zeal, a patience, and a tact, which are truly wonderful, functions which it alone is capable of discharging. The accounts which have been given by travellers of the performances of these animals, have been so novel and extraordinary as to cause them to be regarded with much hesitation and distrust; but they have recently been shown to be altogether trustworthy, by observations made upon their habits and doings in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. There, in the inclosure which is reserved for the larger species of fowl, a hen agami has, by its united intelligence and strength, constituted itself the sovereign ruler of the community; and it is very interesting to observe how, in the performance of its self-imposed duty, it maintains order in the inclosure. It watches over the young, protects the feeble, restrains the strong, and prevents or puts an end to quarrels, by an intervention which is feared even by the most sturdy and rebellious. This individual has, however, one fault (arising, most probably, from her being without a mate, and which, if leniently judged, may even be allowed to pass as an excess of zeal), namely, that of taking possession of all the broods which are hatched in the inclosure, and charging itself exclusively with their care and support—of course to the great discomfiture of the bereaved mothers. This is, unquestionably, a serious abuse of authority—though, it must be confessed, in this it only resembles the political authority which resides near it, and which kindly takes under its fostering care everybody and everything; but still, the solicitude which the agami displays towards its charge, and their well-being under its care, may well dispose us to forgiveness. In the season it may be seen surrounded by a flock of chickens and ducklings of various species, sometimes gravely pacing to and fro in the sun, and at others keeping off those of its subjects which are able to provide for themselves, but which wish to get at the food

which is prepared for the younger members of the community. This food, which consists of bread-crumbs, seeds, salad, and occasionally a little fine-chopped meat, the agami carefully distributes to its foster children, always showing a preference for the young, the ailing, and the least voracious of the tribe.



But while thus busily engaged in tending its numerous family, the watchful creature is carefully observing all that transpires in the other parts of its dominions; taking note, especially, of the proceedings of the known quarrellers and bullies among its subjects. At the first aggression of any of these tyrants it utters a shrill cry, and, if that is not heeded, it strides forward to the scene of conflict, and deals the offender a blow with its beak, which makes him speedily desist, and fly for shelter to the remotest corner of the place; whither he is sometimes pursued, when the case is an aggravated one, and severely punished for his offence.

It sometimes happens that a dog or a cat, which has escaped the vigilance of the keepers, approaches this well-governed kingdom, and then, in the manner of a true sovereign, the agami prepares to defend its territory and subjects. It boldly marches towards the enemy, accompanying its advance with such demonstrations of hostility, and so evidently meaning mischief, that the intruder, without waiting for the attack, seeks safety by a precipitate retreat from the spot.

On the arrival of night, when all well-disposed animals, as well as all well-disposed persons, retire to their resting-place, the subject of this narrative does not go to roost till it has assured itself, by a

careful round of inspection, that all the other inmates of the inclosure have retired. This done, and all being found right, it then mounts to a chosen perch, which no other is permitted to share. From thence it continues to exercise its usual vigilance and care; rousing up at the slightest noise; ever ready either to keep the peace around it, or to drive off any foe from without.

One of the peculiarities of the agami is, that it has two distinct cries—one shrill and discordant, which it utters with open beak, and by which it indicates dissatisfaction or displeasure; the other low and musical, and which seems to proceed from beneath its feathers, rather than to issue from its throat. It is by this kind of cooing that it is accustomed to express contentment and joy.

It appears from the statements of naturalists, that this bird can be, without difficulty, naturalized in Europe, and from the example which has just been given of its qualities and capabilities, it would seem to be a very desirable acquisition for our poultry-yards.*

GARIBALDI.

At a moment when the conflict in Italy has been so suddenly terminated, a brief sketch of this redoubted chieftain may be interesting. Guiseppe or Joseph, Garibaldi is the son of an old sea captain of Nice, and was born there in the year 1807. His early life was of that adventurous character consistent with such a station. It was chiefly passed amidst the fishermen of the district. In his seventeenth year he entered as a midshipman in the Sardinian navy, and remained in it till his twenty-seventh, when, becoming involved in Mazzini's first attempt towards the liberation of Italy, he was obliged to seek shelter in Marseilles, whence he shortly afterwards entered the service of the Bey of Tunis; but this inactive life affording no occupation for his turbulent spirit, he soon accepted an overture from the republic of Uruguay in South America.

The continent of South America was at this period more than usually disturbed, and had scarcely recovered from that anarchy in which Lord Cochrane found it. The various small republics which had thrown off the yoke of Spain now maintained a fierce conflict with each other, and among none was this internal warfare more savage than that which existed between Uruguay and Buenos Ayres. The celebrated British commander's position was difficult; but that of Garibaldi, if possible, was more so, inasmuch as he had to take command of the republic's forces by sea as well as by land, and in fact he alternately combated upon either. Lord Cochrane had only to look after the fleet; but Garibaldi, after putting this in order, had to equip his celebrated Italian Legion. With this his name eventually became more identified, and the recollection of its deeds, as well as the terror it inspired, still vividly exist throughout the whole southern continent.

* From a French work, entitled, "Mœurs remarquables de certain Animaux."

It would occupy a volume to detail a tithe of the achievements and adventures of Garibaldi in South America; and these would be the more uninteresting as they sink into unimportance when compared with his subsequent services in Europe. As was said of the wars of the Hepharchy, a detail of the struggles of kites and crows would be as interesting as the ordinary narrative of South American strife. It were an uniform tale of violence and blood, varied only by the treachery and ingratitude of the governments to those who had served them most faithfully and effectively. Garibaldi experienced and survived all this. He had, however, future events in Europe continually in his mind; and hence the care which he evinced in the discipline and maintenance of his legion.

His anticipations were not misplaced. The Revolution of 1848 in Europe summoned him and two hundred of his boldest adherents to Italy. He at first offered his services to the Sardinian king; but being rejected, in consequence of his relations with Mazzini, he transferred them to Lombardy, and during months carried on a sort of independent warfare on his own account, rather than on that of the authorities of Milan. When this was at last put an end to, by the triumph of Radetzky and the defeat of Charles Albert, he withdrew to Switzerland, where he remained until the following year, when events in Rome again afforded employment to his sword.

The Republic of Rome, it is well known, was at this period invaded by her sister republic of France. Cavaignac had sent a regiment or two for the pope's protection, and his successor despatched a large *corps d'armée* to effect Pio Nono's restoration. After a fierce struggle of thirty days, Mazzini and his associates in the Triumvirate, who governed the republic, deemed it prudent to submit, and Garibaldi, on whom the defence had chiefly devolved, in stately dignity withdrew from the city, when he could persuade them to resist no longer.

The retreat of Garibaldi on this occasion gave rise to one of the most painful incidents connected with his history. His wife, a high-spirited Brazilian lady, accompanied him throughout the whole of his campaigns; and while he was now fiercely pursued by the Austrians along the coast of Ravenna, she was prematurely seized with the pangs of parturition. She died with her offspring, ere aid could be brought from the neighbouring city; and the Austrians so keenly followed up their pursuit, that Garibaldi was shortly afterwards under the miserable necessity of interring her with his own hands. Hence the deadly and lasting hostility which he subsequently exhibited towards the government of Vienna.

He was doomed, however, to experience a blow, if possible, greater still. Having been constrained to emigrate to the United States of America, he there encountered neglect and outrage. When his poverty compelled him to resort to the humble avocation of a candle-maker, he was exposed only to plunder and to insult; and thus compelled to quit New York, he returned disgusted to South America.

But South America was now at peace, and no longer required his services. After making a voyage to China, accordingly, he returned to Europe as commander of a mercantile vessel. He arrived in London, and thence proceeded to Newcastle, where a public address was presented to him by the inhabitants, while he was loading a cargo of coals for Genoa. Shortly after his arrival here, he sold his ship (the "Commonwealth" by name) and purchased a small farm on the island of Caprera, on which he remained until the recent events in Europe recalled him to less pacific pursuits.

So soon as there was a prospect of once more striking a blow for the independence of his native land, Garibaldi offered his services to Victor Emmanuel, an independent command being all that he stipulated for. They were not, however, received without hesitation; Della Marmora, the commander-in-chief of the Piedmontese army, being a stickler for routine, and objecting to his revolutionary antecedents. But, immediately on hostilities becoming imminent, the vast utility of Garibaldi, in rousing his countrymen around him, was recognised. He had a singular power in exciting and organizing masses. The best men in Italy were ready to flock to his standard, and would recognise no other. Victor Emmanuel, accordingly, after a slight hesitation, granted him a general's commission to act as he pleased.

Garibaldi's achievements in the late war are too recent to require record here. At the outset, he defeated the Austrians at Vercelli, afterwards at Varese; but subsequently fell into an ambuscade and sustained a severe check from D'Urban, a German leader on the other side, fierce as himself. Quickly rallying, he soon afterwards defeated his opponent at Como and Castelnedolo, and was on the eve of executing more important movements when he was restrained by the general peace.

RAMBLES IN THE TYROL.

PART III.

THE Tyrolese costume is very picturesque. We have generally been disappointed with the costume of the people in countries we have visited. You rarely meet with people dressed in national garb, according to the pictures you have seen of them. National costumes are going out of fashion. But the Tyrol is an exception. There you meet constantly with men and women, in very dramatic-looking guise. A Tyrolese peasant is a noble figure—well-formed, strong-limbed, muscular, erect, with a dignified kind of bearing. There he goes, with his embroidered jacket, bright-coloured waistcoat, leather girdle, with a knife stuck in it; black velvet breeches, white stockings, a nosegay at the breast, a narrow-crowned hat, with silk band and tassels, and perhaps the feather of some bird. It is very fine to see these men in the streets of Innsbruck on a holiday, crowding the middle of the thoroughfare. Numerous soldiers are seen interspersed among them; Tyrolese with light blue coats, and green feathers in their hats; Austrians in white,

turned up with red. Priests and Capuchin friars give further varieties of costume. In the country, too, in solitary passes, or in the midst of fields, what a picture it is to see any of these people so quaintly dressed, especially an old farming man, on his way to market, with a huge crimson umbrella, perhaps expanded to keep off the heat of the sun.

The people are thoroughly musical. The taste for it seems innate. "A violin or a guitar is a part of the furniture of every cottage, and not unfrequently a piano. Each valley has its own peculiar airs, full of sweetness and melody, similar to those which the Tyrolese minstrels made so popular in England a few years ago, and which were nothing more than the ordinary songs of the shepherds and dairy-maids on the mountains, which they carol forth with a peculiar intonation of the voice within the throat, making the echoes ring with their wild notes." The peasants sometimes improvise in strains of humour, satire, and affection, but with more of quickness than polish, more ease than beauty. The memory of the minstrels' visits to England seems to be cherished, as we saw portraits of them in many places. One of the individuals, now an innkeeper at Schwaz, we conversed with, and found him intelligent, and entertaining much respect for the English people.

At Innsbruck we had an entertainment of the mountain music. There were three male voices, and one female voice, accompanied by a guitar. The airs were very simple and wild, and the sounds sometimes were strangely guttural and uncouth, scarcely human, yet not unpleasant. Such singing takes one back to the most primitive times, when music had not become an art, when the human voice merely imitated the sounds heard in nature—the whistle of the bird, the cry of the beast—weaving the notes in playful forms, and never singing twice exactly alike. The Tyrolese minstrels performed before us in a room—a bad place for the display of their peculiar skill, which suits better the open air, the mountain echo adding a peculiar charm to the strange utterances, as we should judge from what we have heard of similar performances of the Swiss guides as they have been winding through rocky passes.

The Tyrolese are rigid Roman Catholics; indeed they know nothing of any other form of faith. They are thorough conservatives in everything, and what is handed down from their fathers, they most sacredly preserve. Crosses are to be seen everywhere; some very large representations of our Lord are in some cases the size of life. We did not notice many Madonnas. In the mountain passes, pictures representing accidents which have occurred are very numerous, with appeals to the traveller to pray for the repose of the soul. Notices of papal indulgences we also met with. There is a great deal of religious feeling and form in the Tyrol. "About six o'clock," says Mr. Inglis, "just after I had dined, a small treble chime from the village church called the villagers to prayer, and they all obeyed the summons. The two or three little shops were shut up, the cottages were locked, even the inn doors were closed, and some seventy or eighty persons, old and young, the whole inhabitants of the

village, were seen straggling together, with their prayer books in their hands. I did not remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the catholic church to be seen there; it was as lowly and as unadorned a house as any of our protestant temples; but for a single image of the Redeemer it might have been a meeting-house."

Another traveller observes: "As soon as the vesper bell has tolled in the evening, every household collects together, for the performance of family prayer. The stranger who happens to pass through a village at that hour, will perceive from every casement the low murmur of many voices, led by the deeper tones of the father of the house, and followed by the responses of the rest." We shall never forget one day, on the road from Munich to Salzburg, stopping at a little inn to dine. There was a good large room, next to that we occupied, and the cloth was laid for the farm servants—for inns are farm-houses, and servants are boarded in the house. We heard a low murmuring chant, and looking into the room, saw a group of peasants coming in, with one a little ahead of the rest, who acted as leader, while they followed him in a form of prayer. They paused—then took their places at the table, and again began a chant, which lasted for a minute or two. This was their manner of asking a blessing before dinner. The same evening, at a large farm-house, where we lodged, we heard murmuring voices again. On looking into the room whence the sounds proceeded, we saw a number of young men on their knees at prayer.

"I would characterize the inhabitants of Innsbruck, and of the upper Tyrol," says Mr. Inglis, "as a respectable and grave-looking people. There is nothing giddy, scarcely even cheerful, in their appearance. In their manners, they are reserved but civil; in their morals, pure. I was told by every one with whom I conversed, that matrimonial infidelity is scarcely known, and an hospital, which has one department for foundlings, is rarely called upon to exercise this branch of its philanthropy."

Many of the Tyrolese are cattle-keepers. The cattle are fed on the meadows, which clothe the mountain sides. They are driven up to these pastures, as in Switzerland, when the spring comes, and there remain till the return of winter snow compels their departure. On their return, they are adorned with flowers and ribands, and the jingling bells at their necks make not altogether wearisome though monotonous music, as the animals come in procession down the winding ledges of the rocks. "The real life of the cowherd of the Alps differs widely from the beautiful ideal of poetry and romance: for above six or seven months he is banished from the haunts of men, above the clouds, occupying a wretched chalet, perhaps half buried in the ground, to prevent its being carried away by avalanches. He must be continually on the alert, to prevent his charge from straggling or falling over the precipice, and must be prepared to protect them now and then from the bear and the wolf."

Some of the northern Tyrolese are employed in salt mines, and the works connected with them. At Berchtesgaden and Hall, there are large

mines, whence immense supplies of salt are obtained. Once there were as many as seven hundred miners working at Hall; now there are not more than three hundred. The mineral salt is procured by excavating the rocks. They are blasted with gunpowder, and picked with axes. The salt comes out, for the most part, in a rough mixed state. The quarried blocks and pieces are afterwards broken and dissolved in water. The brine is then conveyed by large tubes to houses prepared for the purpose, where, in pans, it goes through a process of evaporation and is reduced to salt. As much wood is necessary for the evaporating process, and as the wood in the immediate neighbourhood of a mine does not suffice, the brine is conveyed through pipes by the road-side for a very long distance to some other place, where wood is plentiful and accessible. An aqueduct runs from Berchtesgaden to Trannstein, about sixty miles.

A visit to a salt mine is very amusing. Allow us to give a very brief description of one which we paid to the Berchtesgaden mine, and with that we conclude. Arrived at a respectable stone building, in the midst of beautiful scenery, opposite to a tunnel running into a rock on the other side of the road, we were equipped in strange gear for our expedition. The party consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen. We were dressed in rough blue trousers, very large; over our coats we put on a sort of blouse. This was fastened by a leather girdle, and behind was attached a leather apron, somewhat in the form of an inverted cone. An odd kind of tail was thus appended to the costume. A thick cloth cap was placed on the head. One hand was shrouded in an enormous thick glove, in the other was placed a light. The ladies were dressed like the gentlemen, except that the trousers were white. We were conducted across the road, in this disguise, to the tunnel, which, on entering, we found very dark and chilly—a striking contrast to the warm bright sunshine we had left. We groped along an extended and slightly ascending subterranean passage, and when we had got a good way into the heart of the mountain, we heard a rumbling noise in the distance, as if a torrent of water were rushing towards us. The guide requested us to step into a little recess in the rock wall, when immediately there came, on small rails laid at the bottom of the tunnel, a line of little carriages filled with miners. Whiz! it went like a railway train, and disappeared. We proceeded on our toilsome journey, light in hand, looking at the rock salt walls on either side, with wooden beams to support the top and sides. Some of the rock was quite white, but most of it was of a mixed colour. After having traversed this sort of path a great way, we came to the entrance of a shaft. There was another dark tunnel going down into the heart of the rocks. All we could see was the end of a wooden apparatus, an inclined plane, composed of a smooth board and two poles just above it, lying parallel to the board, and a thick rope, like a hand-rail, just over the right-hand pole. The guide was sitting on this comical kind of seat, with his legs thrown over the poles, as one might throw

them over the arms of a chair. He requested us to sit down behind him, the right hand wearing the thick glove grasping the rope. Another person was placed behind in the same way, another behind him, and so on. We now found the use of the tail appendage as well as the glove, both of which perplexed us a little at first. A signal given, and away the whole party went, sliding down, down, down, one after another. Hearty laughter, of course, accompanied the descent.

Walking, again, we came out upon a huge gallery, running round a chamber excavated in the heart of the mountain, at the bottom of which were a few scattered lights.

Nearly completing the circuit of the chamber, we came to another shaft, down which we descended, as before. There we were at the bottom of a great dark subterranean hall, where a few men were picking, delving, and blasting. To witness the full effect of the last process, we ascended the gallery by a staircase running by the side of the inclined plane. We saw, in the darkness, a little lantern gliding about—then a fusee kindled—a pause—a flash—and a thundering explosion, rolling round the cavern, like a spirit in search of a place of escape. Presently we were conducted to an illuminated cave, pieces of transparent rock salt being arranged in fantastic forms, with candles behind and a fountain playing in the middle.

Then we proceeded through a subterranean passage again, and came to where we found a sort of long wooden horse on wheels, with a chair in front and another behind. Here again our party were ranged one behind another; and when all was ready, we proceeded down an inclined plane, the same by which we had ascended, and after dashing through the darkness, emerged into daylight, and finished our novel excursion at the point where we began.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

In the month of October, 1806, Sir George Sinclair, then Mr. Sinclair, a youth of sixteen, was travelling in company with M. Regel, a clergyman, from Gotha to Leipsic. It was an interesting period. Prussia, with the usual vacillation of her politics, had delayed to join the coalition against France the year before; the Allied Powers had been completely defeated; and now Prussia, single-handed, determined to meet the conqueror of Austerlitz. Mr. Sinclair and his companion had passed through the regions occupied by the Prussians, and suddenly found themselves in the midst of the French army. As an Englishman, Mr. Sinclair was treated with great civility by the soldiers, who conducted him to Murat, as well as by Murat himself, who sent him on to Auma to be examined by the Emperor in person, adding that he had no doubt the Emperor would be as well satisfied as he was, and would give him his passports. He thus relates his interview with Napoleon.

The Emperor stood still, with his arms crossed, and a cup of coffee in his right hand. He scrutinized me attentively, and said, "Who are you?"

"Sire, I am a subject of his Britannic Majesty."

"Where do you come from?"

"Sire, I come from Gotha, in Saxony, and in going to Leipzig I was detained by some soldiers of the advanced guard, who brought me to the house of the Grand Duke of Berg at Gera, and his highness sent me here to have the honour of being examined by your majesty."

"What road did you come by?"

"Sire, I came by Weimar, Erfurt, and Jena, from whence, not having been able to procure horses to take us farther than Gleina——"

"Where is Gleina, and what is it?"

"Sire, Gleina is a small village belonging to the Duke of Gotha."

Upon hearing that I had passed through those two places, he said, "Trace out the plan of your route."

He then sat down at a table, on which a map of Germany was spread. I stood at Napoleon's left hand, and Berthier was at a small table opposite. Napoleon placed his right elbow on the table, and, leaning his face upon his thumb and forefinger, looked me full in the face, and said, "On what day did you leave Gotha?"

I had forgotten the exact day of our departure, and knowing the great importance of accuracy in regard to dates, I began to calculate backwards from that day to the one upon which we had left Gotha. The pause, though but a short one, excited the Emperor's impatience, and he repeated, in rather an angry tone, "I ask you, what day did you leave Gotha?"

His abrupt manner, and a very significant look which I saw him exchange with Berthier, would have very much interrupted my calculation, had I not fortunately at that moment concluded it, and named the exact day of our departure. He looked for Gotha in the map, and asked me a number of questions, as to the strength of the Prussians in that place, the reports prevalent in regard to their probable movements, etc. He next sought out Erfurt, and inquired whether I had observed any troops in motion between the two places. He was very minute in his interrogations with regard to Erfurt. He asked how strong the garrison was there. I replied that this was a point which I had not had any opportunity to ascertain. He asked me if I had been at the parade? I replied in the affirmative.

"How many regiments were present?"

"Sire, I cannot tell. The Duke of Brunswick was then at Erfurt, and there seemed to be almost as many officers as soldiers assembled on the parade."

"Is Erfurt a well fortified town?"

"Sire, I know very little about the strength of fortifications."

"Is there a castle at Erfurt?"

Upon this point I felt some doubts, but was afraid to plead ignorance again, lest he should imagine it was feigned. I therefore boldly said, "Yes, sire, there is a castle."

After inquiring whether I had made any observations on the road between Erfurt and Weimar, he proceeded to question me minutely as to the

state of the latter place, the number of troops quartered there, the destination of the Grand Duke, etc.

On my mentioning that Jena was the next place at which we stopped, Napoleon did not immediately discover its exact situation on the map. I therefore had the honour to point to it with my finger, and show him the place at which he so soon afterwards achieved so brilliant and so decisive a victory. He inquired who commanded at Jena; what was the state of the town; whether I knew any particulars about the garrison; and then made similar inquiries about Gleina, and the intervening road.

Having followed up the investigation until the moment when we were arrested, he paused, and looked at me very earnestly.

"How?" said he. "Would you have me believe all that you say? The English do not commonly travel on foot without a servant, and in such a dress"—looking at my dress, which consisted of an old box coat of rough and dark materials, which I had for some time previously only worn as a cover round my legs when travelling in a carriage, but which I had been glad to resume as an article of dress over my other clothes when obliged to travel on foot.

"It is true, sire, that such conduct may appear a little singular; but imperious circumstances, and the impossibility of procuring horses, have obliged us to take this step; and I believe I have letters in my pocket which will prove the truth of the account I have given of my family."

I then drew out of the pocket of the old box coat some letters which had accidentally lain there since I received them during the preceding year; and I also produced, from another pocket, some communications of a more recent date. When I laid these upon the table, Napoleon pushed them quickly towards Count Froberg, nodding to him at the same time rapidly with his head. The Count immediately took up the letters, and said to the Emperor, whilst opening them, that from having examined and conversed with me during our journey, he thought he could be responsible for the truth of everything I had said.

After cursorily glancing through some of the papers, he said, "These letters are of no consequence, and quite of a private nature; for instance, here is one from Mr. Sinclair's father, in which, after reminding him of the attention he had paid to the Greek and Latin in England, he expresses a hope that the same attention will be bestowed upon the acquisition of French and German abroad."

Napoleon's features here relaxed into a smile, and I never can forget the kindness with which he eyed me, while he said, "You have, then, learned Greek and Latin: what authors have you read?"

Not a little surprised at this unexpected question, I mentioned Homer, Thucydides, Cicero, and Horace; upon which he replied, "Well, very well;" and then turning to Berthier, he added, "I don't think this young man is a spy; but the other who is with him is probably one, and has brought this young man to avoid suspicion." He then made a slight inclination of the head, as a

signal for me to retire; upon which I bowed profoundly, and passed into the ante-chamber: after which M. Regel was introduced.

This was the first and the last occasion on which I ever beheld Napoleon. The expression of his countenance remains indelibly present to my mind: it was, at that time, thin and fallow, but every feature beamed with intelligence. I was more particularly struck with the penetrating glance of his eye, which seemed, if I may so express myself, to anticipate the answer to every question by reading it intuitively in the soul. His manner was at first somewhat repulsive and abrupt, but became gradually softer, and, in the end, quite prepossessing. There were several words which I felt some difficulty to express in French, among which, I remember, were "baggage waggons" and wheel-barrows." He himself, however, immediately suggested the appropriate terms; and it appeared to me that nothing could surpass the lucid and comprehensive nature of all his questions and remarks. He omitted nothing that was necessary, and asked nothing that was superfluous. I entered his apartment under the impression that I was allowed to appear before the greatest man of the age. My prejudices against him, I admit, were very strong. I considered him as the implacable enemy of my country, and the restless subjugator of Europe; but I could not quit his presence without admiring the acuteness of his intellect, and feeling the fascination of his smile.

As soon as M. Regel's examination was over, Napoleon said to Count Froberg, "Detain them for some days, till something decisive has happened, and then dismiss them." Mr. Sinclair requested Count Froberg to beg the Emperor's permission to return to Gera, where their baggage was; and the Count informed him that they had leave to return to Gera, and that the Emperor had added, with a smile, "Tell the young gentleman that I was much pleased with the frankness of his replies."

From the top of a church they heard the distant sounds of the cannonade of the fatal battle of Jena. The French commandant at Gera delayed, on various pretexts, to furnish them with passports; but Mr. Sinclair reminded him that his orders were to detain them until something decisive had happened, and asked him whether this had not already been realized to the greatest possible extent. He laughed, and told Mr. Sinclair he believed he could not now do any harm, were he ever so willing. He accordingly signed the passports, and Mr. Sinclair proceeded alone to Dresden.

THE KIDNAPPERS OF ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN—the granite city—with its sparkling silver-like walls, is at this time the seat of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. Few cities are calculated to make a more pleasing impression on a stranger; and numbers who are now making acquaintance with it for the first time, must be struck with the good taste and elegance that pervade its architectural and municipal ar-

rangements. It is interesting to see what social progress has accomplished for Aberdeen within a century. A hundred years ago—in this very city—a system of kidnapping existed, which would disgrace the coast of Africa at the present day. In an interesting local work, entitled, "The Book of Bon-Accord," the following curious details on the subject are given.

Between the years 1740 and 1746, Aberdeen, in common with some other towns in Scotland, was disgraced by a barbarous traffic which consisted in kidnapping persons of both sexes, and transporting them to the American plantations, where they were sold as slaves for a limited period. The extent, the misery, and the horrors of this ignominious trade, and the reckless manner in which it was pursued, might surpass belief, were they not too clearly established by testimony which it is impossible to doubt. Copartneries were openly formed for carrying it on, and ships yearly left the port loaded with crowds of unhappy beings, of whom hardly one ever returned to his native land. The individuals engaged in this guilty commerce were men of note, of fortune, and in public office; among them were Bailie William Fordyce, of Aquhorthies, Walter Cochran, Town-Clerk-Depute, Alexander Mitchell, of Colpna, and several others. The methods which they used to entrap their victims were as varied as they were infamous. Every art of deceit and seduction was employed; agents, drummers, pipers, and recruiting sergeants were dispersed throughout the town and shire to assail the unwary with bribes, alluring promises, intoxication, and still more disgraceful temptations. Parties of men patrolled the streets of the burgh like press-gangs, and, by open violence, seized on such boys as seemed fit for their purpose. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood dared not send their children into the town, and even trembled lest they should be snatched away from their homes. For in all parts of the county emissaries were abroad; in the dead of night children were taken by force from the beds where they slept; and the remote valleys of the Highlands, fifty miles distant from the city, were infested by ruffians who hunted their prey as beasts of the chase. A still darker feature remains to be noticed; such was the scarcity of provisions at that time, that the poor were tempted to sell their own offspring; and in the account-books of one of the kidnapping companies which have been preserved, such entries occur as, "To Robert Ross, for listing his son, one shilling;" and "To Maclean, for listing his brother Donald, one shilling and sixpence." For the honour of humanity, it is to be hoped that such cases of depravity were very rare; and, indeed, there are recorded too many instances of the heartrending sufferings of parents in the loss of their children.

The persons thus kidnapped were of every character, sex, and age—men and women, half-grown lads, and boys not more than six years old. Once in the possession of their oppressors, they were driven in flocks through the town, like herds of sheep, under the care of a keeper armed with a whip; or they were shut up in a barn in the Green, where a piper was hired to play to them, while

they were freely supplied with cards, in order to divert their thoughts from any attempt to escape. Nay, so unblushingly was this infamous commerce practised, that, when other receptacles overflowed, the public workhouse was used as a place of incarceration; and, when this too failed, the tolbooth, or common prison, was appropriated, and numbers of individuals were detained in it for weeks together.

There are no means of ascertaining the exact number of the individuals thus kidnapped. One of two vessels which sailed from the harbour in 1743 contained no fewer than sixty-nine persons; and when it is considered that the trade was carried on to an equal extent for nearly six years, it is impossible to estimate the number of unhappy beings carried off at less than six hundred. Their condition in the land to which they were conveyed was truly miserable. They were sold to planters for a term of years, varying from five to seven. During this period of slavery they were treated with harshness and cruelty; they were whipped at the pleasure of their masters; if they deserted for thirty days, twelve months were added to their slavery.

At the present day, when the authority of the law is severely vindicated, and its protection interposed in behalf of the poorest subject, it may be matter of surprise to some that, for such grievous wrongs as have been narrated, no redress was sought or obtained. But in those times, it should be recollected, that Scotland was but half civilized; and that the lower orders, upon whom these injuries were inflicted, were as ignorant of their rights as they were powerless to assert them. It is in evidence that many of those who endeavoured to procure the restoration of their children were menaced with imprisonment and banishment, and were so terrified at these impotent threats that they abandoned their attempts. And, as an instance of the manner in which the persons who conducted this disgraceful traffic had fenced themselves against punishment, it may be mentioned, that when a father, who had been robbed of his son, instituted an action for redress before the Lords of Session, no officer in Aberdeen could be prevailed on to cite the parties to appear in court.

It is consolatory to know that, although these traffickers in human blood succeeded in evading the vengeance of the law for a period of nearly twenty years, the arm of justice was at length raised to smite them.

OBSERVATIONS BY WAY OF SIMILE.

FROM MASON.

As the sun ripens and sweetens fruits by shining upon them, without which they would be sour and unsavoury; so it is the sunshine of God's love and favour that sweetens all earthly blessings, without which they would be but crosses and curses to them that possess them.

God's mercies are as cords to draw us to him; but our sins are as sharp swords that cut those cords.

Outward comforts are like the rotten twigs of a tree; they may be touched, but if they are trusted to, or rested upon, they will certainly deceive and fail us.

As Noah's dove found no footing but in the ark; so a Christian finds no contentment but in Christ.

WAT TYLER'S INSURRECTION,

AS TOLD BY FROISSART.

On the death of the good King Edward of England, he was succeeded by his grandson, who was called Richard of Bordeaux, because he was born in that city when his father, the prince, was ruler of Aquitaine.

Soon after he came to the throne, there arose a great and dangerous rebellion of the common people in England. There was a half-mad priest, named John Ball, who, for his absurd preaching, had been thrice imprisoned, that went about putting these notions into people's heads. On a Sunday when the people were coming out of church, he would get a crowd about him, to whom he would say: "Ah, good people, things will never go on well in England till we have all things common, when there shall be neither servant nor lord, but all alike—the lords no more masters than we be. How ill have they treated us! and why? Are we not all come of the same parents, Adam and Eve; and why should they be more masters than we? Who labour and work for them to spend? They be clad in velvets and rich stuffs, with ermine and other furs, while we must wear coarse cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and straw, and water must serve us for drink. They have brave halls and manors, while we must bide wind and rain a-field; and it is our labour that produces them all these fine things, whiles, if we do not render it, we are beaten, and have no sovereign lord who will give us justice. Let us, slaves as we are called, go all together to the king, and tell him of our condition, and if he will not amend it we will then do it ourselves." Thus did this mad priest, whom the people much loved, talk to them, who would say to each other, when they were in the fields or on the road, from one village to another, "John Ball says such and such things, and he speaks truth." The Archbishop of Canterbury hearing these things, shut up John in prison for two or three months; but so soon as he was let forth he went about as before, saying the same things. * * *

It was on a Monday, in the year 1381, that these wicked people set forth to go to London, to demand from the king that all should be free, for they would have no more slaves in England. On their entrance to Canterbury, they were much feasted by the townspeople, who were of their way of thinking. They here did much damage to the church of St. Thomas; they pillaged the archbishop's lodgings, saying, as they carried his goods off, "This chancellor of England has had this or that piece of furniture cheap, he must now give us an account of the revenues of the kingdom, and of all that he has had since the king's coronation."

At Rochester, where the people were of their mind, they seized the captain of the town, Sir John Newton, and compelled him, under pain of death, to go with them, and do as they commanded him. They had done in like manner in many other counties, forcing loyal knights and gentlemen to lead and march them. They further cut off several men's heads as they passed along, and then, when they reached Blackheath, took up quarters there, being armed, as they said, for the King and Commons of England.

When the citizens of London found the rebels so near to them, they closed the gates of London Bridge, and placed a guard there. But, as the rebels knew that there were in the city thirty thousand who favoured them, they boldly sent their knight to tell the king that what they were doing was to serve him, for the kingdom had been for several years wretchedly governed by his uncles, and particularly by the chancellor, from whom they would now have an account. Sir John dared not refuse them; so, taking boat opposite the Tower, he came ashore there and was conducted to the king, with whom was his mother and many of his nobles.

Sir John kneeled down before the king, begging him not to be angered with the message he was about to deliver; "for," he said, "my dear lord, through force I am come hither. The Commons of your realm send me to entreat of you to speak with them on Blackheath:

you need have no fear of your person, for they will ever honour you as their king; but there are things that must be said to you. My dear lord, I entreat of you to give me such an answer as will satisfy them, and prove that I have done their errand faithfully, otherwise they will assuredly put my children, whom they keep as hostages, to death."

The king replied, "You shall speedily have an answer;" and so called a council to consider what should be done. It was appointed that on Corpus Christi Day the king should go down to the rebels to hear what they had to say. So on that day he entered his barge, and rowed down the Thames to Rotherhithe, where were ten thousand men from Blackheath to hold speech with him, who, when they saw him drawing near, set up such shouts and cries as if all the devils in hell had been there with them. They had Sir John Newton with them, for, in case the king had deceived them, they would, as they said, have cut Sir John in pieces.

Now, when the king and his lords saw this savage crowd, they were alarmed, and they advised the king not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down in the river. The king asked the people what they wanted. They cried out, "We wish thee to land, that we may tell thee at our ease what we want." To which the Earl of Salisbury answered, "Sirs, ye are not in such order or array as that the king ought to speak with you."

Upon this, the king was advised to return to the Tower of London, the which, when these people saw, they went in great anger to their fellows at Blackheath, telling them how the king had gone back to the Tower. When they heard this, they all cried, "Let us march there instantly." * * *

Their leaders, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, then marched, with twenty thousand men, to the Palace of the Savoy on the banks of the Thames, and here they killed the porters, and set fire to the house, which belonged to the Duke of Lancaster. Thence they passed to the house, hospital, and church of the Knights Hospitallers, dedicated to St. John, of Mount Carmel, all of which they burnt. Then they marched through the streets, killing every Fleming they could lay hands on, and breaking into the Lombards' houses, which they plundered of all their money. They murdered a rich citizen, to whom Wat Tyler had once been servant, but who, having been beaten on occasion by his master, had not forgotten it, but now took his revenge by cutting off his head, placing it on a pike, and so carrying it through the streets. Towards evening, they took their quarters in St. Catherine's Square before the Tower, declaring they would not depart till they had obtained from the king everything that they wanted, and the chancellor had made account with them of that he had expended.

On Friday morning those before the Tower began to shout, and say that if the king would not come out to them, they would attack the Tower, storm it, and slay all within. At which the king being alarmed, sent to meet him in a fair meadow at Mile End, where he would speak with them.

When the king arrived at the meadow at Mile End, there were above sixty thousand men awaiting him; to whom he said, pleasantly: "My good people, I am your king. What is it you want, and what would you say to me?" They answered: "We would that thou shouldst make us free for ever, our heirs and our lands, and that we should be no longer held in bondage." The king answered: "I am agreed thereto; now, therefore, return ye to your homes, leaving behind two or three from each village, to whom shall be given letters sealed with my seal, to grant all you wish; and further, my banners shall be given to certain of you." The well-meaning among them were greatly contented with these words, and saying they did not wish for more, quietly departed from London as soon as they had received the letters and banners aforesaid.

But the principal mischief remained behind. Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, with thirty thousand of their followers, refused thus to depart. All they cared for was to throw the town into such confusion that they

might have opportunity to murder the lords and rich citizens, and then pillage their houses. There were also great numbers of rebels still on their road to London, from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

On the Saturday morning the king went to Westminster, where he heard prayers in the Abbey; after which he, and the barons with him, rode along the causeway to return to London, but soon turned aside, on the left, to go from the city. This day the rabble were again assembled under their leaders in a place called Smithfield, where every Friday the horse-market was kept. There were more than twenty thousand of them, and many more in the city, breakfasting, and drinking Rhenish and Malmsey wines in taverns, and at the houses of the Lombards, without paying for anything; and happy was he who could give them good cheer. The reprobates in Smithfield wanted to pillage the city that same day, saying that "hitherto they had done nothing; the pardons granted them by the king would not be of much use to them; but if all of them were of a mind, they might pillage London before their fellows from the country came up to share it with them." While they were agreeing to this, the king, with sixty horsemen, came in sight, not thinking of them; but when he saw them, he stopped, saying he would know what they wanted, and if they were troubled, strive to appease them.

When Wat Tyler saw the king, he said to his men: "Here is the king; I will speak with him; stir you not from hence till I give a signal; then step forward, and kill every one save him, but hurt him not, for he is young, and we can do what we please with him; and if we carry him with us through England, we shall be lords of it without hindrance." There was a doublet-maker of London, called John Tiele, who had brought sixty doublets, in which some of the clowns dressed themselves, and on his asking who was to pay, for he must have thirty good marks for them, Tyler replied, "Make thyself easy, man; look to me for it; thou shalt be well paid this day." So saying, he spurred his horse so near the king, that his horse's head touched the king's horse. He then began: "King, dost thou see all those men there?" "Yea," answered the king, "why dost thou ask?" "Because they are all under my command, and have sworn to do whatsoever I shall order." "Very well," said the king, "I have no objections to it." "But," said Tyler, who only wanted a riot, "dost thou think my people will depart without thy letters? We will carry them with us." "Why," replied the king, "so it has been ordered, that you shall all of you have your letters by villages and towns; so return to thy companions, and bid them depart peaceably."

As the king ceased speaking, Wat, looking around, espied a squire who bore the king's sword, and whom he mortally hated for having once done him some ill. "What," said he to this squire, "art thou there? give me thy dagger." "I will not," said the squire; "why should I give it thee?" But the king, turning to him, said, "Give it him—give it him;" which he did, much against his will. Tyler took it, and turning it about in his hand, and playing with it, next said, "Give me that sword." "I will not," said the squire, "for it is the king's sword, and thou, who art only a mechanic, art not worthy to bear it; and if only thou and I were together, thou wouldst not have dared to say what thou hast for as large a heap of gold as this church." Then Tyler swore he would not eat that day till he had had the squire's head. Upon this, the mayor of London, with about twelve more, armed under their robes, seeing Tyler's manner of behaving, rode forward through the crowd, the mayor saying to him: "Scoundrel, how darest thou thus behave in the presence of the king? it is too impudent for such as thou." And the king, in a rage, bid the mayor lay hold on him. Meanwhile, Tyler answered the mayor: "Hey, what have I said? Does it concern thee? What dost thou mean?" "Does it become such a rascal as thou art," said the mayor, "to use such speech in the presence of the king, my natural lord?" and with that, drawing his sword, he struck Tyler on the head, and brought him to the ground. Imme-

diately he was surrounded, and one of the king's squires, thrusting his sword into him, killed him.

His men, seeing their leader dead, cried out, "They have killed our captain—let us slay the whole of them," and drew up as it were in battle array, each man having his bow bent. The king then did a bold deed, but it turned out fortunate; for, commanding that none should follow him, he rode forth to these rebels, calling to them, "Sirs, what aileth you? you shall have none other captain than me, who am your king." The quieter disposed ones hereupon began to slip away ashamed; the more riotous kept their ground, seeming disposed for mischief.

The king then asked his lords what should be next done. He was advised to make for the fields, as they would soon receive assistance from London, whither some ran, crying out, "They are killing the king, they are killing the king and our mayor." Upon this, every man of the king's party hastened to the fields, whither the king had betaken himself, till there were about him seven or eight thousand men in arms. These ranged themselves in order opposite to the rebels, who seemed as if they intended fighting. Sir Robert Knolles advised that the king's party should fall upon them and slay them. But the king would not have it so. "They have my banners," said he, "go and demand them; for I will have them, by fair or foul means; we shall then see what they will do." The king had just made three knights, Sir William Walworth, the mayor, Sir John Standish, and Sir Nicholas Bramble, and these were dis-

patched to the rebels, whom they desired not to shoot, as they wished to have speech with them. They then demanded the banners, which were immediately given up, many then throwing down their bows, and taking to their heels towards London. The king's letters were next demanded, and these were torn in pieces before their eyes. And so they were dispersed, running away on all sides. The king, his lords, and army then returned to London; the king immediately going to the princess his mother, who had remained at his palace two days and two nights under the greatest fear, as indeed she had cause. On seeing the king, her son, she was mightily rejoiced; and he bade her give thanks to God, for that he had that day regained his inheritance and realm of England which had been lost.

Next day proclamation was made that every one who did not dwell in London, and who had not lived there during a whole year, should instantly depart on pain of being seized as traitors, and having their heads cut off. So all slunk away to their own homes. John Ball and Jack Straw, hiding in an old ruin, were given up by their own men, and their heads being struck off, as well as Tyler's, were fixed on London Bridge in place of those loyal men whom they had murdered on the Thursday before. News of all this was sent to the neighbour counties; upon which the other rebels, who were on their march to London, turned back at once to their own homes.

And so this grievous rebellion came to an end.

